THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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Written for The Breckenridge News.

TO-MORROW.

BY F. E. M.

Ah! life is cold,
And manifold,
The dreary paths of sorrow;
When shall its light
Beam warm and bright?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

There's not a cloud
That with its shroud
Makes dark the paths of sorrow,
But what will flee
From you and me
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

Oh! Cheerful heart,
Bear well your part,
And no trouble borrow;
The gates of gold
For us unfold,
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

Its care is vain,
And human pain
Lurks in the path of pleasure,
You may not count
The sole amount
By what to-day may measure!

If bright eyes shine,
And look in thine,
Believe them while they glitter;
But when to-day
Has passed away,
Their sweet may change to bitter!

Oh! joy and woe
May come and go,
And love may lend and borrow;
A single night
Shall make it right,
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

So, if to-day
Across your way
Should cast a shade of sorrow,
Remember this:
'Twill change to bliss,
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

ARDKILL COTTAGE
OR,
A Mother's Revenge.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT LISCANNOR.

The young lord slept one night at Ennis, and on the third morning after his departure from Scroope, started in his gig for Liscannor and the cliffs of Moher. He took a servant with him and a change of clothes. And as he went his heart was very heavy. He altogether doubted his own power to perform satisfactorily the task before him. He knew men who could do it. His brother Jack would do it, were it possible that his brother Jack should be in such a position. But for himself, he was conscious of a softness of heart, a feminine tenderness, which, to do him justice, he did not mistake for sincerity, that rendered him unfit for the task before him.

Every hour that brought the lord nearer to Liscannor added a weight to his bosom. As he drove his gig along the bleak road to Ennistimon his heart was very heavy indeed. And so the Earl of Scroope drove on with his heart falling ever lower and lower within his bosom.

It had of course been necessary that he should form some plan. He proposed to get rooms for one night at the little inn at Ennistimon, to leave his gig there, and then to take one of the country cars on to Liscannor. It would, he thought, be best to see the priest first. An interview with Father Marty would be very bad, for he must declare his intentions in such a way that no doubt respecting them must be left on the priest's mind. There were causes at work which made it impossible that Kate O'Hara should become Countess of Scroope.

He left his gig and servant at Ennistimon, and proceeded as he had intended along the road to Liscannor on an outside car. In the mid-distance about two miles out of the town he met Father Marty riding on the road. He had almost hoped—nay, he had hoped—that the priest might not be at home. But there was the lion in his path. "Ah, my Lord," said the priest in his sweetest tone of good humor—and his tones when he was so disposed were very sweet—"Ah, my Lord, this is a sight good for sore eyes. They tould me you were to be here to-day or to-morrow, and I took it for granted therefore it'd be the day afther. But you're as good as the best of your word." The Earl of Scroope got off the car, and holding the priest's hand, answered the kindly salutation. But he did so with a constrained air and with a solemnity which the priest also attributed to his newly begotten rank. "You're going on to Ardkill, I suppose, my Lord," he said.

"Yes, certainly; but I intended to take the Liscannor road on purpose to see you. I shall leave the car at Liscannor and walk up. You could not return, I suppose?"

"Well—yes—I might."

"If you could, Father Marty——"

"Oh, certainly." The priest now saw that there was something more in the man's manner than lordly pride. As the Earl got again up on his car, the priest turned his horse, and the two traveled back through the village without further conversation. The priest's horse was given up to the boy in the yard, and he then led the way into the house. "We are not much altered in our ways, are we, my Lord?" he said as he moved a bottle of whiskey that stood on the sideboard. "Shall I offer you lunch?"

"No, thank you, Father Marty—nothing thank you." Then he made a gasp and began. The bad hour had arrived and it must be endured. "I have come back, as you see, Father Marty. That was a matter of course."

"Well, yes, my Lord. As things have gone it was a matter of course."

"I am here. I came as soon as it was possible that I should come. Of course it was necessary that I should remain at home for some days after what has occurred at Scroope."

"No doubt, no doubt. But you will not be angry with me for saying that after what has occurred here your presence has been most anxiously expected. However, here you are, and all may yet be well. As God's minister I ought perhaps to upbraid. But I am not given much to upbraiding, and I love that dear and innocent young face too well to desire any thing now but that the owner of it should receive at your hands that which is due to her before God and man."

He perceived that the priest knew it all. But how could he wonder at this when that which ought to have been her secret and his had become known even to Lady Mary Quin? And he understood well what the priest meant when he spoke of that which was due to Kate O'Hara before God and man; and he could perceive, or thought that he perceived, that the priest did not doubt of the coming marriage, now that he, the victim, was again back in the west of Ireland.

"Father Marty," he said, "I can not make Miss O'Hara Countess of Scroope."

"Not make her Countess of Scroope! What will you make her then?"

"As to that, I am here to discuss it with you."

"What is it you mane, sir? Afther you have had your will of her, and polluted her sweet innocence, you will not make her your wife! You can not look me in the face, Mr. Neville, and tell me that!"

There the priest was right. The young Earl could not look him in the face as he stammered out his explanation and proposal. He still held some confused idea as to a form of marriage which should for all his life bind him to the woman, but which should give her no claim to the title, and her child no claim either to the title or the property. "You should have told me of this Captain O'Hara," he said, as with many half formed sentences he completed his suggestions.

"And it's on me you are throwing the blame?"

"You should have told me, Father Marty."

"By the great God above me, I did not believe that a man could be such a villain! As I look for glory, I did not think it possible! I should have tould you! Neither did I nor did Mistress O'Hara know or believe that the man was alive. And what has the man to do with it? Is she vile because he has been guilty? Is she other than you knew her to be when you first took her to your bosom, because of his sin?

"It does make a difference, Mr. Marty."

"Afther what you have done it can make no difference. When you swore to her that she should be your wife, and conquered her by so swearing, was there any clause in your contract that you were not to be bound if you found aught displaising to you in her parentage?"

"I ought to have known it all."

"You knew all that she knew; all that I knew. You knew all that her mother knew. No, Lord Scroope. It can not be that you should be so onutterably a villain. You are your own masther. Unsay what you have said to me, and her ears shall never be wounded or her heart broken by a hint of it."

"I can not make her Countess of Scroope. You are a priest, and can use what words you please to me; but I can not make her Countess of Scroope."

"Faith, and there will be more than words used, my young lord. As to your plot of a counterfeit marriage——"

"I said nothing of a counterfeit marriage."

"What was it you said, then? I say you did. You proposed to me—to me a priest of God's altar—a false counterfeit marriage, so that those two poor women, who you are afraid to face, might be cajoled and chaited and ruined."

"I am going to face them instantly."

"Then must your heart be made of very stone. Shall I tell you the consequences?" Then the priest paused awhile, and the young man bursting into tears, hid his face against the wall. "I will tell you the consequences, Lord Scroope. They will die. The shame and sorrow which you have brought on them will bring them to their graves, and so there will be an end of their troubles upon earth. But while I live there shall be no rest for the sole of your foot. I am oald, and may soon be below the sod, but I will lave it as a legacy behind me that your iniquity shall be proclaimed and made known in high places. While I live I will follow you, and when I am gone there shall be another to take the work. My curse shall rest on you—the curse of a man of God, and you shall be accursed. Now, if it suits you, you can go up to them at Ardkill and tell them your story. She is waiting to receive her lover. You can go to her, and stab her to the heart at once. Go, sir! Unless you can change all this and alter your heart even as you hear my words, you are unfit to find shelter beneath my roof."

Having so spoken, waiting to see the effect of his indignation, the priest went out, and got upon his horse, and went away upon his journey. The priest had gone, telling him to leave the house because his presence disgraced it; and he had made no answer. Yet he was the Earl of Scroope, the thirteenth Earl of Scroope, a man in his own country full of honors. As he left the house he tried to harden his heart against Kate O'Hara. The priest had lied to him about her father. They must have known that the man was alive. They had caught him among them, and the priest's anger was a part of the net with which they had intended to surround him. The stake for which they had played had been very great. To be Countess of Scroope was indeed a chance worth some risk. Then, as he breasted the hill up towards the burial-ground, he tried to strengthen his courage by realizing the magnitude of his own position. He bade himself remember that he was among people who were his inferiors in rank, education, wealth, manners, religion and nationality. He had committed an error. Of course he had been in fault. Did he wish to escape the consequences of his own misdoing? Had he not offered to sacrifice himself as no other man would have done? But they were still playing for the high stakes. They were determined that the girl should be the Countess of Scroope. He was determined that she should not be Countess of Scroope. He was still willing to sacrifice himself, but his family honors he would not pollute.

And then as he made his way past the burial-ground and on towards the cliff there crept over him a feeling as to the girl very different from that reverential love which he had bestowed upon her when she was still pure. He remembered the poorness of her raiment, the meekness of her language, the small range of her ideas. The sweet, soft, coaxing, loving smile, which had once been so dear to him, was infantine and ignoble. She was a plaything for an idle hour, not a woman to be taken out into the world with the high name of Countess of Scroope.

All this was the antagonism in his own heart against the indignant words which the priest had spoken to him. The priest had called him a villain and had threatened and cursed him! As to the villainy he had already made up his mind which way his duty lay. For the threats it did not become him to count them as any thing. The curses were the result of the man's barbarous religion. He remembered that he was the Earl of Scroope, and so remembering summoned up his courage as he walked on to the cottage.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT ARDKILL.

Sharp eyes had watched for the young lord's approach. As he came near to the cottage the door was opened and Kate O'Hara rushed out to meet him. Though his mind was turned against her, he could not but accord to her the reception of a lover. She was in his arms and he could not but press her close to his bosom. Her face was held up to his, and of course he covered it with kisses. She murmured to him sweet, warm words of passionate love, and he could not but answer with endearing names. "I am your own, am I not?" she said as she still clung to him. "All my own," he whispered as he tightened his arm around her waist.

Then he asked after Mrs. O'Hara. "Yes, mother is there. She will be almost as glad to see you as I am. Nobody can be quite so glad. Oh Fred, my darling Fred, am I still to call you Fred?"

"What else, my pet?"

"I was thinking whether I would call you—my lord."

"For heaven's sake do not."

"No. You shall be Fred—my Fred; Fred to me, though all the world besides may call you grand names." Then again she held up her face to him and pressed the hand that was round her waist closer to her girdle. To have him once more with her, this was to taste all the joys of heaven while she was still on earth.

They entered the sitting-room together and met Mrs. O'Hara close to the door. "My Lord," she said, "you are very welcome back to us. Indeed we need you much. I will not upbraid you as you come to make atonement for your fault. If you will let me I will love you as a son." As she spoke she held his right hand in both of hers, and then she lifted up her face and kissed his cheek.

He could not stay her words, nor could he refuse the kiss. And yet to him the kiss was as the kiss of Judas, and the words were false words, plotted words, prearranged, so that after hearing them there should be no escape for him. But he would escape.

Kate still hung to his arm. He could not thrust her away from him. She still clung to him when he released his right hand, and almost lay upon his breast when he seated himself on the sofa. She looked into his eyes for tenderness and he could not refrain himself from bestowing upon her the happiness. "Oh, mother," she said, "he is so brown, but he is handsomer than ever." But though he smiled on her, giving back into her eyes her own soft look of love, yet he must tell his tale.

He was still minded that she should have all but the one thing, all if she would take it. She should not be Countess of Scroope; but in any other respect he would pay what penalty might be required for his transgression. But in what words should he explain this to those two women? Mrs. O'Hara had called him by his title and had claimed him as her son. No doubt she had all the right to do so which promises made by himself could give her. He had sworn that he would marry the girl, and in point of time had only limited his promise by the old Earl's life. The old Earl was dead, and he stood pledged to the immediate performance of his vow—doubly pledged if he were at all solicitous for the honor of his future bride. But in spite of all promises she should never be Countess of Scroope!

"And now you must tell us every thing," said Kate, still encircled by his arm.

"What must I tell you?"

"You will give up the regiment at once?"

"I have done so already."

"But you must not give up Ardkill; must he, mother?"

"He may give it up when he takes you from it, Kate."

"But he will take you too, mother?"

The lioness at any rate wanted nothing for herself. "No, love, I shall remain here among my rocks, and shall be happy if I hear that you are happy."

"But you won't part us altogether, will you, Fred?"

"No, love."

"I knew he wouldn't. And mother may come to your grand house and creep into some pretty little corner there, where I can go and visit her, and tell her that she shall always be my own, own, own darling mother."

He felt that he must put a stop to this in some way, though the doing of it would be very dreadful. But still he shirked it, and used his wit in contriving an answer which might still deceive without being false in words. "I think," said he, "that I shall never live at any grand house, as you call it."

"Not live at Scroope?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"I think not. It will hardly suit me."

"I shall not regret it," said Kate. "I care nothing for a grand house. I should only be afraid of it. I know it is dark and sombre, for you have said so. Oh, Fred, any place will be Paradise to me, if I am there with you."

He felt that every moment of existence so continued was a renewed lie. She was lying in his arms, in her mother's presence, almost as his acknowledged wife. And she was speaking of her future home as being certainly his also. But what could he do? How could he begin to tell the truth? His home should be her home, if she would come to him, not as his wife.

"Where do you think of living?" asked Mrs. O'Hara in a tone which showed plainly the anxiety with which she asked the question.

"Probably abroad," he said.

"But mother may go with us?" The girl felt that the tension of his arm was relaxed, and she knew that all was not well with him. And if there was aught amiss with him, how much more must it be amiss with her? "What is it, Fred?" she said. "There is some secret. Will you not tell it to me?" Then she whispered into his ear words intended for him alone, though her mother heard them. "If there be a secret you should tell it to me now. Think how it is with me. Your words are life and death to me now." He still held her with loosened arms, but did not answer her. He sat, looking out into the middle of the room with fixed eyes, and he felt that drops of perspiration were on his brow. And he knew that the other woman was glaring at him with the eyes of an injured lioness, though he did not dare to turn his own to her face. "Fred, tell me, tell me." And Kate rose up, with her knees upon the sofa, bending over him, gazing into his countenance and imploring him.

"There must be disappointment," he said; and he did not know the sound of his own voice.

"What disappointment? Speak to me. What disappointment?"

"Disappointment!" shrieked the mother. "How disappointment? There shall be no disappointments." Rising from her chair, she hurried across the room, and took her girl from his arms. "Lord Scroope, tell us what you mean. I say there shall be no disappointment. Sit away from him, Kate, till he has told us what it is." Then they heard the sound of a horse's foot passing close to the window, and they all knew that it was the priest. "There is Father Marty," said Mrs. O'Hara. "He shall make you tell it."

"I have already told him." Lord Scroope as he said this rose and moved towards the door; but he himself was almost unconscious of the movement. Some idea probably crossed his mind that he would meet the priest, but Mrs. O'Hara thought that he intended to escape from them.

She rushed between him and the door and held him with both her hands. "No, no; you do not leave us in that way, though you were twice an Earl."

"I am not thinking of leaving you."

"Mother, you shall not hurt him; you shall not insult him," said the girl. "He does not mean to harm me. He is my own, and no one shall touch him."

"Certainly I will not harm you. Here is Father Marty. Mrs. O'Hara you had better be tranquil. You should remember that you have heard nothing yet of what I would say to you."

"Whose fault is that? Why do you not speak? Father Marty, what does he mean when he tells my girl that there must be disappointment for her? Does he dare to tell me that he hesitates to make her his wife?"

The priest took the mother by the hand and placed her on the chair in which she usually sat. Then, almost without a word, he led Kate from the room to her own chamber, and bade her wait a minute till he should come back to her. Then he returned to the sitting-room and at once addressed himself to Lord Scroope. "Have you dared," he said, "to tell them what you hardly dared to tell me?"

"He has dared to tell us nothing," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"I do not wonder at it. I do not think that any man could say to her that which he told me that he would do."

"Mrs. O'Hara," said the young lord, with some return of courage now that the girl had left them, "that which I told Mr. Marty this morning I will now tell to you. For your daughter I will do anything that you and she may wish—but one thing. I can not make her Countess of Scroope."

"You must make her your wife," said the woman, shouting at him.

"I will do so to-morrow if a way can be found by which she shall not become Countess of Scroope."

"That is, he will marry her without making her his wife," said the priest. "He will jump over a broomstick with her and will ask me to help him, so that your feelings and hers may be spared for a week or so. Mrs. O'Hara, he is a villain, a vile, heartless, cowardly reprobate, so low in the scale of humanity that I degrade myself by speaking to him. He calls himself an English peer! Peer to what? Certainly to no one worthy to be called a man!" So speaking, the priest addressed himself to Mrs. O'Hara, but as he spoke his eyes were fixed full on the face of the young lord.

"I will have his heart out of his body!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Hara.

"Heart! he has no heart. You may touch his pocket; or his pride—what he calls his pride, a damnable, devilish, inhuman vanity—or his name, that bugbear of a title by which he trusts to cover his baseness; or his skin, for he is a coward. Do you see his cheek now? But as for his heart, you can not get at that."

"I will get at his life," said the woman.

"Mr. Marty, you allow yourself a liberty of speech which even your priesthood will not warrant."

"Lay a hand upon me if you can. There is not blood enough about you to do it. Were it not that the poor child has been weak and too trusting, I would bid her spit on you rather than take you for her husband." Then he paused, but only for a moment. "Sir, you must marry her, and there must be an end of it. In no other way can you be allowed to live."

"Would you murder me?"

"I would crush you like an insect beneath my nail. Murder you! Have you thought what murder is—that there are more ways of murder than one? Have you thought of the life of that young girl who now bears in her womb the fruit of your body? Would you murder her—because she loved you, and trusted you, and gave you all simply because you asked her; and then think of your own life? As the God of Heaven is above me, and sees me now, and the Saviour in whose blood I trust, I would lay down my life this instant if I could save her from your heartlessness." So saying he turned away his face and wept like a child.

After this the priest was gentler in his manner to the young man, and it almost seemed as though the Earl was driven from his decision. He ceased, at any rate, to assert that Kate should never be Countess of Scroope, and allowed both the mother and Father Marty to fall into a state of doubt as to what his last resolve might be. It was decided that he should go down to Ennistimon and sleep upon it. On the morrow he would come up again, and in the meantime he would see Father Marty at the inn. There were many prayers addressed to him both by the mother and the priest, and such arguments used that he had been almost shaken. "But you will come to-morrow?" said the mother, looking at the priest as she spoke.

"I will certainly come to-morrow,"

"No doubt he will come to-morrow," said Father Marty, who intended to imply that if Lord Scroope escaped out of Ennistimon without his knowledge, he would be very much surprised.

"Shall I not say a word to Kate?" the Earl asked as he was going.

"Not till you are prepared to tell her that she shall be your wife," said the priest.

But this was a matter as to which Kate herself had a word to say. When they were in the passage she came out from her room, and again rushed into her lover's arms. "Oh, Fred, let me be told, let me be told. I will go with you any where if you will take me."

"He is to come back to-morrow, Kate," said her mother.

"He will be here early to-morrow, and every thing shall be settled then," said the priest, trying to assume a happy and contented tone.

"Dearest Kate, I will be here by noon," said Lord Scroope, returning the girl's caresses.

"And you will not desert me?"

"No, darling, no." And then he went, leaving the priest behind him at the cottage.

Father Marty was to be with him at the inn by eight, and then the whole matter must be again discussed. He felt that he had been very weak, that he had made no use—almost no use at all—of the damning fact of the Captain's existence. He had allowed the priest to talk him down in every argument, and had been actually awed by the girl's mother, and yet he was determined that he would not yield.

For three hours Father Marty remained with him that night, but did not shake him. He had now become accustomed to the priest's wrath and could endure it. And he thought also that he could now endure the mother. The tears of the girl and her reproaches he still did fear.

"I will do any thing that you can dictate short of that," he said again to Father Marty.

"Any thing but the one thing that you have sworn to do?"

"Any thing but the one thing that I have sworn not to do." For he had told the priest of the promises he had made both to his uncle and to his uncle's widow.

"Then," said the priest, as he crammed his hat on his head, and shook the dust off his feet, "if I were you I would not go to Ardkill to-morrow if I valued my life." Nevertheless Father Marty slept at Ennistimon that night, and was prepared to bar the way if any attempt at escape were made.

[Concluded next week.]

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM HILL COUNTY, TEXAS.

Editor Breckenridge News:

BRANDON, TEXAS, March 14.—Having promised several of your subscribers to write them through your columns, I have concluded to try and give them a fair representation of this county, its soil and climate, so far as my personal knowledge extends.

I arrived here on the 11th of November, 1880, and in the space of three weeks picked cotton as many days. I had read in the Courier-Journal of cotton pickers picking from 150 to 200 pounds per diem, at one cent per pound, and after I reached here and saw it growing I thought I could do much better; but on trial I picked 31 pounds the first two-thirds of a day, and the next 56 pounds. I never picked longer than that in any one day. This, however, was at a time when no cotton picker could pick so much. Many of them, one and two months prior to this time, had picked from 200 to 500 pounds in one day; but that was the first, best picking and heaviest cotton. Notwithstanding my surprise in this respect, I was more so at the country. I found it, with the exception of what is known as the Cross Timbers, which is a body or strip of woodland about 10 or 12 miles wide and running north and south through the state, and an occasional grove of timber (principally on the creeks), one vast prairie, with very few if any large hills, and such of the latter as we have rise so gradually from base to summit (except the creek bank) that in traversing them you would hardly perceive it; and the rising and setting of the sun here, is as nearly like the same on the lakes or ocean, as described by eye-witnesses, as is possible on land, I guess, viz.: by apparently rising up out of and sinking into the ground. And, from what I have seen and been told, it seems to me that no grander or more beautiful sight could be seen (in the way of landscapes) than this country in spring and early summer, it being a perfect and natural flower garden, with the flowers naturally and profusely dotted or scattered on a thrifty and beautiful green carpet; and then in midst of the same we see hundreds of horses and cattle grazing. If there is a country on earth which can boast of having its "cattle on a thousand hills," this is certainly the country—minus the hills. And this vast multitude of horses and cattle live on grass the year round, and look well, and this is reputed to have been the hardest winter on stock (that is, more continual cold weather) ever known in Texas.

People are farming here now, and in coming from the Cross Timbers yesterday evening, I saw a peach tree in full bloom, which I thought a little premature, but older citizens say not. The most disagreeable thing I have had to encounter is the sudden changes in the weather. For instance, about four weeks ago, we had a bright sun and pleasant forenoon, with wind from the south. It ceased, became calm and rather sultry for about thirty minutes, when suddenly (while we were at dinner), we heard a heavy thud against the house from the north, and in the next half-hour gloves and overcoats were in demand. I had been told of these northers, but could not realize it until Christmas week, when I got my ear frozen in walking half a mile, and I suddenly concluded that there were but two things that could be considered nearly so searching as a Texas norther, viz.: coal oil and turpentine.

The soil here is a heavy and rich black waxy, and, except on the brinks of the creeks and ravines, is from six to ten feet deep, and has a substrata of white rock which, when exposed to the air, slakes as readily as unslaked lime. This soil is certainly as rich and productive as any in America, and lands are very cheap, ranging from $3 to $20 per acre, according to improvements. I am told that by breaking up corn land in the fall of the year, if the winter is at all wet, we need no more rain to raise a fine crop of corn; and it is not uncommon to raise one hundred bushels of oats per acre. I have always heard that the Indian Territory was the richest and most beautiful country in America, but I think this is equal if not superior to it.

We have a population in this county of about 20,000, and a good many are Kentuckians. The county-seat, Hillsboro, has a population of nine hundred.

This is a very rich and comparatively undeveloped county, but as it is now definitely determined to extend the Missouri-Pacific railroad (formerly known as the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad) from Ft. Worth through our county-seat to Waco, thereby making us accessible to eastern markets, as well as cheap passage through, without change of cars to St. Louis and Chicago, we expect (as the said road is to be running by June 1) to see a perfect flood of immigrants this year.

The state of religion and morals, if any difference, exceeds the same in Breckenridge county, Kentucky. The people, so far from being wild and bloodthirsty, are kind, peaceable and hospitable.

One item of news of interest to many of your readers, was the marriage, on February 22, of an ex-daughter of Meade county, Kentucky, to a son of Missouri—the contracting parties being E. M. Yates, Esq., of Agency, Mo., and Miss Jessie L. Boone, daughter of James M. and Ellen Moorman Boone—which, though quiet and unostentatious, was a most enjoyable occasion for all present. Prominent among the attendants on the occasion were Mrs. T. O. Hite and Mrs. Dr. J. W. Ray, of Louisville, Ky., aunts of the bride. After the wedding the happy couple, in company with your correspondent and several young ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the sisters of the bride, Misses Sallie H. and H. Pearl Boone, and Miss Jessie Hite, had a nice trip to the railroad station, thirty miles distant, where the bride and groom took passage for their future home in Missouri.

So far, I am delighted with the country, and have traversed nearly the entire county. I have had a reasonable share of business, under the circumstances, and my practice has been attended principally with success, both in this and the adjoining county (Ellis). I have not moved to the county-seat yet, owing to the miscarriage of my freight, which, though found by the tracer sent after it, has not reached here yet. In consequence thereof I am still stopping here with my uncle, Jas. M. Boone.

Fearing that I have possibly extended this too far already, and not wishing to weary you, I will close by saying there is a grand opening here for persons of almost any avocation except stone-masons and doctors. Respectfully yours,

CLIFFORD MOORMAN.

It seems to us that the following, from the Paris True Kentuckian, contains a reference to an allusion:

"Wallace Gruelle, THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS editor, use to handle medicine largely, but has long been a teetotaler. May he live long and prosper, say his boyhood friends at Cynthiana and in all Blue Grassdom."

FROM GENTRY COUNTY, MISSOURI.

Editor Breckenridge News:

MCFALL, MO., March 11.—Hoping a few lines from this part of God's moral vineyard will be of interest to some of your readers, especially those who have been infected for some time past with the fever of emigration, I will venture to pen a few brief remarks pertaining thereto.

Gentry county, from which I write, is a part of the famous and beautiful Grand River country, adjoining the Platte Purchase, and on its eastern boundary, and is equal if not superior to the latter in fertility of soil, smoothness of surface, abundance of water and timber, and in all the other essentials that constitute the "make up" of a rich and prosperous country.

This county is bounded on the west by Nodaway, on the east by Harrison, on the south by DeKalb, and on the north by Worth counties. It is only twelve miles south of the Iowa line, and thirty miles northeast from St. Joseph, and is the centre of the richest corn, cattle, and hog producing country in the United States. The county is twenty-four miles long by twenty and one-half wide, and has an area of 322,880 acres, all available for farming purposes and all susceptible of cultivation.

The face of the country is generally undulating, sufficiently so as to afford good natural drainage, and is divided up into beautiful prairies, lying between the three forks of Grand river, which traverse the the county a few miles distant from each other, bordering the prairies with skirts of oak, walnut, and other timber valuable for farming purposes—though the greatest endearment I have detected during my short stay has been the delightfulness of the climate. Last summer there were but few uncomfortably hot days, and the nights were always cool and pleasant. The fall was mild and extremely appropriate for corn gathering and other necessary fall work. Winter, which set in about the middle of November, was superlatively agreeable with the exception of a very few days, which were rendered disagreeable by sleet and falling snow

The leading religious denominations of the world are all pretty well represented here, and seem to be in a high state of progression. The school system receives the strictest attention, the schools being open almost every month in the year. I will add, in conclusion, that I am well pleased with the country; in fact, it excels the wildest imaginings I had drawn of it previous to my arrival; therefore I have yet to regret my coming. Wishing success to the NEWS and its noble editor, I close.

GEO. W. ROBERTSON.

BEWLEYVILLE.

Green Beard is going to the legislature, and Uncle Bob Pierce to the senate. So say the people in this part of the country. A good team.

Nat Hensley and Dr. Taylor have done a heap of trading, but don't move much. Every body you meet wants to know the reason.

Did you buy a recipe for making soap? I did, but can't tell you how. Its bully.

When men trade up here now, they just say, "provided the old woman is willing."

What makes the roads get muddy every time tobacco will do to haul? Fellows, quit hauling, or you will ruin these roads.

Police Judge Shacklett was in this neighborhood a day or two ago hunting 'Squire Foote, somebody said. He had busted somebody's knot at Big Spring.

I have heard it intimated that Col. Alf. Allen would be invited to deliver a lecture in the church at Bewleyville, on China, the proceeds to buy an organ for the Sunday School. I hope it will be arranged soon, and I hope also that some one will give the church members a hint as to the propriety of building a fence around the church. It is a little out of repair—about as much so as the organ.

Rev. J. R. Dempsey has gone to Daviess county to visit a sick daughter.

I notice that THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS is increasing its subscription in this section.

PETE.

WALNUT HILL.

I shall not attempt to favor you with an exact description of this remote locality, but will say that 'tis not five miles from the well-known spot designated Macksville, and not six from the old fields enclosing Walnut Grove.

Cupid is still hunting in this neighborhood, and some of our dearest associates, stricken down by his arrows, have departed single blessedness, and left us to mourn their loss.

Mr. Plummer Glasscock, formerly of Hardin county, and Miss Fannie, of the same name, have been united in the silken bonds of matrimony. I wish them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

Please, girls, don't you all go off and leave me. I haven't given up all of our claims on *some* of the young gentlemen yet.

Now for our Mt. Gilead correspondent. If you can not bestow a compliment on those so highly deserving, you should at least refrain from the slang phrase, "skillet-j'iners."

Our second quarterly meeting convened the fourth Saturday and Sunday at Pleasant Hill. Our much beloved presiding elder was present and conducted the exercises. He gave us some able discourses and then left, much to our regret. Bro. Hunter, of Leitchfield, and J. Pumphrey, of Mt. Zion, together with our pastor, were also in attendance.

It is regretted that our school has closed. Mr. Garner retired from his duties with the satisfaction of knowing that he had faithfully discharged his duty and gained the good will of both patrons and pupils. Look out, girls; he says he's going to take her home soon.

Miss Bill D—— says it is all a fix-up about the falling business; that she didn't go to the party at all.

Hurrah for the McDaniel Glee Club! Who plays the part of grass-widower?

They are going to purchase a new organ, and organize a Sabbath School on Bankrupt street. Success to the school.

Mr. "Colfax," please inform us in regard to Mrs. W. M. Fraize's health.

I am glad to notice in your paper that Miss Jennie Woods arrived safe at home. You must return soon, Miss Jennie, for "somebody" will be lonely till then.

CHLOE.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAGE,
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1881.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

SPELLING-BEES make no honey.

"SMILAX" is the language-of-flowers for Colfax.

SHOULD the punishment of the punster be punitive?

NIHIL *fit* to some purpose in St. Petersburg Sunday of last week.

READING after the young man of the Danville Tribune is as good fun as we want.

IN the "rose-bud garden of girls" our favorite posies are the bright and tempting two-lips.

AN Indiana legislator is named Cabbage, and it is said that his head and name harmonize perfectly.

THE president bouqueted the recreant senator, Mahone, with roses. Virginia will bouquet him with rue.

THE K. M. I. News asks, "Are marriages made in heaven?" Better step into Frankfort and ask Hiram Berry.

THE parson of the Danville Tribune Folly Combination wants an internal revenue collectorship. Matthew vi., 21.

THE Danville Tribune young man is anxious for us to paragraph him. We must decline. Our columns do not require manuring.

THE Danville Advocate and Stanford Interior Journal are our latest visitors, and we welcome them with the heartiest of welcomes.

IF Mr. Garfield wants to do a graceful and appropriate thing, let him appoint Griswold, of the Cincinnati Saturday Night, consul to Punjaub.

BEN DEERING proclaims his unabated loyalty to the Methodist church. We sincerely condole with our friends of that afflicted denomination.

IN one county in Indiana, when a citizen mahones a confiding woman, his admiring fellow-citizens reward him with a seat in the legislature.

OLIVE LOGAN insists that Washington City is the Paris of America, and we may now look for the Cincinnati Enquirer to dispense with her services as a correspondent.

WE understand that up about Bewleyville some people are charging us with being a republican. We feel almost as highly complimented as if they had accused us of horse-stealing.

BECAUSE Secretary Blaine asserted that in defending the American hog he was defending the whole American people, those sensitive Ohio folk think he intended a slur on them.

BEFORE three months have sped it will become our painful duty to pen as many newspaper obituaries. Republican papers have just been started at Lexington, Hopkinsville and Falmouth.

TWO Leadville editors grew angry enough to draw pistols on each other, but each was afraid to shoot. Lucky for them that they were not in Kentucky, where that style of fighting is a felony.

THE "layman" of the Danville Tribune boastfully exclaims: "There is only one man in Kentucky who can 'get away with us'." We agree with him. And that "one man" is the fool-killer.

SOME cruel wag remarks of the Bernhardt, "What a house she could draw as 'Mazeppa!'" If Emmet Logan don't fight now, we'll know his admiration of the divine Thinthin was all put on.

A BLOOMINGTON, Ill., dispatch says that the notorious Sergeant Bates—the flag-carrying chap—is dangerously ill with congestion of the brain. We were not aware that he had any brain to congest.

PERHAPS our old friend, Capt. Fitzhugh, had better retouch his pencil sketch of Mahone. With an additional face, on the north side of the head, and one hand extended behind the back, "itching palm" upward, it would be quite lifelike.

TWO more aspirants for senatorial honors this week—Dr. T. N. Warfield, of this county, and Col. Lafe Green, of Grayson. This makes four in sight, with several others yet lurking in the woods. Should those yet to come prove to be the peers in intellectual and moral worth of those already announced, it will be a hard matter for the convention to make a mistake, nominate whomsoever it may.

WE hope our Leitchfield friends are now satisfied, and will "let up" on poor 'Cornie,' who has been sufficiently excoriated for her ill-advised and unnecessary assault upon an innocent and unoffending lady. Since Mrs. Heyser has deemed it necessary to avow the authorship of the "Otis" articles, it is not improper for us to corroborate her claim. Miss Montgomery had no more to do with them than "Cornie" herself. Miss M. has never written but one article for us, and that was from her home (Elizabethtown) and appeared over her own proper initials. Whenever the spirit moves her we would be glad to have her contribute to our columns. The "Otis" articles, we hope, will be continued, as they are not only interesting but instructive, and more than one of our exchanges, recognizing their worth, have republished them.

NIHILISM.

Nihilism, literally translated, means "nothingness." Its political signification is chaos. It is not partyism in any respectable signification of the term. It is simply crime under drill—disorder mobilized. The seeds were first sown years ago by a German visionary named Hegel, a man too wise to be rated with fools, and too foolish to be classed with wise men. If it were possible to compound wisdom and folly as the apothecary does calomel and santonine, and then administer the dose thus prepared to wisdom, the secretion precipitated by its action would be a "philosophy" similar to that proclaimed by Hegel. But, while the silliness of the German furnished the seed of Nihilism, it, of itself, is not Nihilism. Just as the poke root, which in its first growth is a tender and toothsome edible, after a week or two of added age becomes a deadly poison. So with the Hegelian theory or philosophy. Innocuous as it came from the pen of its promulgator, yet, cultivated and amplified by the erratic Michael Bakunin, it became the poisonous weed that now overruns and chokes the garden of European politics, and, the other day, produced a tragedy in the streets of St. Petersburg that made the world stand aghast, has set thrones to rocking, and driven the German emperor with fear and trembling to implore divine interposition between him and the fate that befell the unfortunate autocrat of the Russias, Alexander Nicholaievitch. The story of Bakunin and the horrible conspiracy against public order and the world's peace he organized, will prove interesting reading just now, and that story we propose to tell our readers to-day in as brief manner as possible compatible with intelligibility.

Michael Bakunin was born near Moscow in 1814, of a noble and wealthy family. He began life as a lieutenant in the imperial guards, but soon tiring of military life, he resigned his commission in 1836, and retired to the family estates. A copy of one of Hegel's works falling into his hands, he was completely captivated by the visionary outpourings of the half-crazy German philosopher, and made Hegelism the study of his life. Naturally endowed with extraordinary intellectual capacity, which was strengthened, polished and enlighted by liberal education, Bakunin speedily became one of the most zealous disciples of the Hegelian school of transcendentalism, and devoting his entire time to the study, soon became a rival of his master, and set himself up as the Sclavinic Plato.

In order to sip directly from the fountain he repaired to Germany, and mingled with and became one of Hegel's chief disciples. Here, in 1842, at the age of twenty-eight, he was recognized as a philosopher in full standing, welcomed into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and contributed regularly to the Hegelian pamphlets and magazines. We next hear of him traveling over Europe, spreading a *virus* not of Hegel but born of the Hegelian teaching, which resulted in the disorders and revolutions of 1848. Not content with teaching, when the outbreak of the year just mentioned occurred in Saxony, he joined the ranks of the insurgents and risked his life for the theories he preached. He was captured and sentenced to death, but his family prevailed upon the Russian authorities to claim him as a subject, and, on their promise to punish him, he was delivered up and banished to Siberia. After ten years he escaped and made his way to London, where he established a radical paper (in the Russian language) which soon drifted into the promulgation of ultra revolutionary doctrines. This paper perished in 1865, and Bakunin left England for Switzerland, where he became an active member of the Workingmen's International Society, before whom he expounded the doctrine of "Negation"—that is, Nihilism—which was repudiated by the Internationals. Shaking the dust of Internationalism from his feet, he spent the remainder of his days at Berne in elaborating and promulgating his peculiar ideas until 1878, when death, the only true Nihilist, reduced him to the nothingness of worms and dust.

But his works and teachings did not perish with him. Schools have been founded in almost every country of Europe—always in secret, and therefore the more dangerous—in which his doctrines are implanted in the youth in the shape of catechetical lessons. This catechism is entitled "The Catechism of Revolution," and the following extracts will give our readers a clear conception of the Nihilistic creed:

This gospel admits of no half measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give way to truth. It is our mission to destroy the lie, and to effect this we must begin at the very commencement. Now the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds you will never know what freedom is. When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world is due to the conglomeration of atoms in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then and then only you will have accomplished the first step toward liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented. The first lie is God, the second lie is right. Might invented the fiction of right in order to insure and strengthen her reign. Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that might should be in the hands of the majority. Then penetrated with a clear conviction of your own might you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right. And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality and justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognized and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy every thing which exists in the shape of state or social organizations. Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of every thing as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy every thing—the good with the bad. For, if an atom of this old world remains the new will never be created. Take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world, which we consecrate to destruction.

Such are the principles of Nihilism. Ideas at once so devoid of reason and so full of crime must find a peculiar soil to take root. They took root in a certain portion of the Russian people, comprising both sexes, among nobles, officials, journalists, students, merchants and peasants, because of two facts—first, the enormous reforms of the Emperor Alexander had unsettled people's beliefs and powers of reason, so that nothing seemed impossible or absurd; and, secondly, there existed enough abuses in the official administration to give some plausibility to the proposition that the whole should be destroyed. Besides the corruption and pilfering of the officials and the censorship of the press, the third and greatest abuse was the power of the Third Section. Independent and separate from all the ministries the emperor maintained a private chancery or bureau. This was for the transaction of affairs under his own immediate supervision. One section of this was devoted to charities, another to the editing of ukases, and the third section to the secret police. The officials of this Third Section, or the gendarmerie, were scattered over every part of the empire, and their chief, acting in the emperor's name, had power to arrest any person at any time, hold him for trial for an indefinite period, or transport him to a fortress or to Siberia. No judge or other officer had any power to interfere with arrests made by the Third Section or to inquire into them in any way. Persons so arrested could be released only on the order of the chief of the Third Section.

To the opinions and acts of such autocratic Bourbons Russia owes in large part the death of her emperor to day and the anarchy and bloodshed which not impossibly may follow. The Nihilists have killed their emperor, not because they hate him as a tyrant, but because in their disordered and fevered minds he is the head of a state of society which must be completely destroyed in order to begin all things anew. What strength in numbers the Nihilists possess no man can tell. The most extravagant estimate puts them at some hundreds of thousands and the lowest at less than ten thousand. They are recruited from every class of society, high and low. Their movements are directed by master spirits, though their agents or tools are usually fanatical peasants. All are corrupted by a deep-seated moral and mental disease, though, as above stated, they are not without tangible, concrete grievances. The most deplorable result of their crimes lies in the fact that they render it impossible for the emperor to redress these very grievances.

[From Webster's Unabridged, Edition of 1882.]

MA-HONE, *v. t.* [*imp. & p. p.* MAHONED; *p. pr. & vb. n.* MAHONING.] [Supersedes the obsolete word *betray*.]

1. To deliver into the hands of an enemy by treachery or fraud, in violation of trust; to give up treacherously or faithlessly; as, A senator *mahoned* his state.

2. To violate the confidence of, by disclosing a secret, or that which was intrusted; to injure by treachery.

How, wouldst thou again *mahone* me?

3. To disclose or discover, as something intended to be kept secret, or which prudence would conceal.

Be swift to hear, but cautious of your tongue, lest you *mahone* your ignorance.

4. To mislead, or expose to inconvenience not foreseen.

Genius......often *mahones* itself into great errors of judgment.

5. To show or to indicate;—said of what is not obvious at first view, or would otherwise be concealed.

This river *mahones* its original in its name.

6. To fail in respect to reliance to be placed in or upon, as,

But when I rise, I shall find my legs *mahoning* me.

TWO AWAKENINGS.

The Lexington Transcript's.

Across the meadow, pink with bloom,
The Southwind whirls in frolic play,
And frisking in the fields of broom,
Awakes the sleeping summer day.

The whirring beetle starts anew,
The drowsy bee goes plunging on,
And, bathed at length in honey dew,
Wings homeward through the rustling corn.

Within myself a change is wrought,
As, lying prone upon the grass,
Across my dreams there stirs the thought
That life means work, not idleness.

K. ST. C.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS'S.

Across the meadow, pink with bloom,
The Southdown skips in frolic play,
And friskily, with upraised broom,
My wife comes prancing down my way.

This sight makes me start up anew,
And, frightened, I go plunging on,
Through grasses bathed in limpid dew,
And down the rows of rustling corn.

Within my hide a change is wrought,
As, bruised, I fall upon the grass,
Across my aches there stirs the thought,
I ne'er again my wife will "sass."

CEPHAS BOARD.

HANNAH SPECTACLE GLANCES.

I come to you, dear brother and sister correspondents, in this week's issue of the NEWS as another victim to the terrible mania that is now prevailing among the old and young, rich and poor, high-minded and lowly-minded, of our broad land. I repeat, I am a victim—a poor, helpless victim—of her who first taught man to drive the quill and trace his thoughts, good and bad, on paper for the instruction and edification of mankind.

I was first attacked in childhood. I read glowing descriptions of the achievements of various authors—of the good they had accomplished, and of the names they had created for themselves, that forever immortalized them in the hearts of their countrymen and of the world. I say, I read all this, and my mind was dazzled by the reading. "Ah!" thought I to myself, "why is it I can not do the same? Why is it I may not become famous by my writings, and live forever?" A sudden resolution was formed. "I can and I will!" I exclaimed, suddenly to myself. "I will emulate the example of my predecessors. I will gain fame and importance, and then I will give to the world my experience. I will tell them of a young girl, almost a child in years, who was possessed with a desire to do good to her fellow-beings, and to aid them in their struggles to do right. Of how she toiled day and night to make her manuscripts legible enough for the editor to at least guess at their meaning; of her struggles to find something to say and how to say it; (my ideas were quite childish and matter-of-fact,) and to gain popularity enough to pronounce it fame!"

All this I pondered in my mind, and then I formed and matured my plans. I would go into the best room and lock myself in from all who might wish to intrude upon my seclusion. There I would seat myself, take my pencil in hand, and make my first attempt at authorship. Accordingly I hailed the dinner hour with delight, and sat down to my dinner with more haste than usual. I hurriedly ate my meal and slipped out of the dining-room. I went to mother's room and supplying myself with paper and pencil, repaired to the room that was to be the scene of my future labors. I locked the door securely and walked in a dignified manner to the drop-leaf table that stood in one corner of the room—for was I not to become famous, was not my name to live through all ages, and must I not act as though I realized the responsibilities of my position? Certainly. And I demurely seated myself in a chair in front of the table, straightened myself into an uncomfortable position, seized my pencil, arranged my paper, and was ready for action. I looked at my paper, and here arose the first difficulty: Should I write prose or poetry? Should I write my glowing thoughts in smooth flowing lines of prose, or confine them to the rhyme and rhythm of poetry? Should I not write a grand poem full of sweet thoughts, or a pleasant piece of prose? I finally decided on prose, and to write a story inculcating moral truths, in preference to ethics, biography or history. Now came difficulty No. 2. What should I name my production? I reflected for a time and finally decided on the name, "Keith Morgan." Now, I thought, I am ready for my story. But my ardor cooled with the first line, and kept on cooling, until at the end of the fourth line I threw down my pencil from sheer exhaustion of ideas, and rushed out doors, and before my patient reader could say "Jack Robinson," was deeply engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, and thus ended my first literary attempt, the remembrance of which kept me for some time from making a similar attempt.

I often felt rather crestfallen to think I had thus been utterly routed from the field of letters, but after a time this feeling wore away, and I was again the same happy girl.

The next attack came on when I had just entered my sixteenth year. Again I allowed my mind to be led astray by the accounts of what others had done—again was I filled with admiration of their exploits in the literary field, and I was moved to imitate their example. Already was my fame spread abroad through all the land, and I saw myself seated on a throne I myself had builded in millions of hearts, and felt on my throbbing temples the laurels placed there by a grateful public; but, alas! alas! my dreams proved but empty bubbles which the first breath of air was doomed to burst, and I was again alone with my shattered hopes; again I was mourning over the frail castle I had built in the clear blue air of heaven. I thought I had perfected it in every part, but there must have been some defect, or it would not have so easily crumbled, and now I have again taken my pen in hand and will strive to keep up courage enough to finish my letter. Although I do not entertain such hopes of fame and immortality, still I have with me the desire to do good to others, and if possible to make them happier and better, and I love to see others doing the same; and thus I give us the reason for agreeing with "Otis" in the sentiments she so freely expresses.

Her advice to young ladies would certainly be of great benefit to them, if they would but heed her excellent counsels. But, dear "Cornie," let me draw for you a picture: It is of a young man, brilliant in intellect, fascinating in conversation, respected and admired by all who know him. In fact, a "truly elegant, gallant young fellow;" but he has one fault—he "tips the bowl and spoons the sugar." He is worthy of your love, and you cast your lot with his for "better or for worse" "until death us do part." And for a time you are happy—so happy that it almost seems a bit of heaven has drifted down to earth for your enjoyment. But after a time there seems to be a "shadow coming o'er the spirit of your dream." Your husband, once so devoted to you, seems drifting away. He keeps late hours, and often you hear of him spending the hours of the night with men of stained character and reputation. Still you think Madam Rumor must be spreading false reports; still you refuse to believe. Thus matters go on from bad to worse, until you notice that now he rarely comes home without the taint of liquor on his breath, and he oft time reels and staggers like a drunken man. But you fondly think to yourself, "My husband is too noble, too good, to ever sink to the level of a drunkard." Ah! my dear, you have forgotten—how many husbands as true and noble as your own have sunk to that level—how many husbands as fondly loved and cherished as yours have gone down to drunkards' graves! And at last you awaken to the realization that your husband is a drunkard. You read the truth in that bloated face and blood-shot eye, and how it wrings your heart—how you shrink back from the terrible truth that seems crushing your life out.

"But, Hannah," you say to me, "I have seen this picture in every temperance paper I have troubled myself to read since I was a child." So you have, my dear creature. I do not doubt this in the least. But, nevertheless, it has been the experience of thousands of wives, and if you marry the man you say is your "only hope," better never marry, but "stand on the ragged edge of old maidenhood," and "die without the honor of having 'Mrs.' engraved on your tombstone," than to be the wife of a drunkard.

Now, "Cornie," take my advice, which is that of "Otis," and shun such young men forever, and take your chances with nice, sober young men who abhor liquor, and if you are not successful in the matrimonial field, you may at least merit this inscription on the beautiful marble monument beneath the willows: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Well, good people, my letter is long enough, but I will say at its close that if any of you wish help, come to your friend,

HANNAH SPECTACLES.

LEITCHFIELD, KY., March 15, 1881.

"CORNIE," ONCE MORE.

Editor Breckenridge News:

LEITCHFIELD, KY., March, 16.—"Who is Cornie?" "Say do you know who Cornie is?" "I say it is Mrs. McB——." "O, it's Miss P——, beyond a doubt." These are a few of the highly intelligent and lucid remarks one hears on our streets every hour in the day in reference to the communication in your last week's issue over the above signature. Step into the drug store and the subject of discussion is Cornie's letter; go into a confectionery and the first words you hear is the mellifluous dissyllable, "Cornie." In fact I have heard it so often during the last week, my tympanums are nearly worn out. "Cornie" has indeed awoke and found himself, herself or itself famous. I think the majority have concluded that "Cornie" is another "Mrs. Harris," and some 'Sairey Gamp' has been "stuffing" us.

"Cornie" seems to be strenuously endeavoring to find a mare's nest in "Otis'" communication, and in my humble opinion makes a most ridiculous failure. The latter's advice is sensible, opportune and apropos. "Cornie" evidently has a big foot and has been trying to wear a number four shoe on a number six foot, or else she would have fewer corns. By the way, did "Otis" tread on "these same"? Or did he, she or it think the shoe fit and in trying to put it on hurt those odious corns, that she squeals so? Which of the young bloods is "Cornie" endeavoring to lure into her net by pandering to their depraved appetites? Why the boys themselves would not thank her for such advice as she impliedly gives them. But when "Cornie" tries her hand at punning on "Otis" very modest and unpretending *nom de plume* one feels that the rubicon of patience and toleration has been crossed, and the one step supposed to separate the sublime from the ridiculous, ignored in the most burrowing and unprecedented manner. After all one is not surprised to hear her boldly avow her aversion to the *beaux jeunx* of flawless men and her preference for those who linger long at the wine cup. Time was when maid or matron would have hesitated long before making such an avowal. But *tempora mutantur et*—well, you know the rest, and in no respect is it truer than in reference to the girls of Kentucky. The Kentucky girl of thirty years ago was not a precise image of the young maiden who came over in the Mayflower, but compared with her more worldly and showy sister of to-day, she deserves the title of "Puritan maiden". Incredible as it may seem, the girl of other days was usually dressed in calico, cut by herself possibly, made by herself certainly, and with a small variety and no luxury of trimmings. Change in the material and even in the form were so rare that the feminine souls had intervals of peace. There were "baby waists," and there were "pointed waists," but once this or that fashion established, it staid until men loved it as an old friend; it shone with a steady beam and not with a bewildering sputter of various scintillations. Thus plainly and permanently attired this dear departed had time to think of other things than the faults and frailties of her neighbor. The girl of thirty years ago always belonged to the church, and if there crept into her circle a "worldly man," wearing whiskers, irregular at "divine service," and concerning whom old ladies whispered, she felt no hankering after his society, or if she did, she fought it as a temptation. "Men about town" had as poor a chance in Kentucky at that period as in Turkey. But they have a chance now, and those whose breaths remind one of the delightful odor arising from a pig-pen or an onion patch or a slice of Limburger cheese, and whose noses partake somewhat of the hue of a peony and somewhat of a Jersey road, are preferred and even invited to call on the girl of to-day.

WHEATIE.

A Good Housewife.

A good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—[Concord (N. H.) Patriot.

New Advertisements

A Wager.

I will wager from $100 to $500 that Warhoo' Bilt, better known as the Hatchet Horse, can beat any living horse 300 steps or yards, to walk up and start by the tap of the drum or the word go. Race to be run any time during the fair on either the Hardinsburg or Big Spring track.

B. BEARD.

n35-3t

Strayed.

From Dr. Karte's stable, in this city, about the 1st of March, 1881,

ONE POLAND-CHINA BOAR,

white and black spotted, two years old, crop and hole in the right ear, crop and underbit in the left, and weighing about 250 pounds. Any information given as to his whereabouts will be rewarded.

ELI DEAN.

n35-4t

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books & Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. n32-12t

SEED CORN!

Wright's Golden Yellow

WILL mature three weeks earlier than other varieties of field corn. Yields 100 BUSHELS per acre on good land. Ear medium size, deep grain, very small cob: 70 lbs. in ear will shell 60 to 63 lbs. Price $2 per bushel; five bushels for $9. Sample packages 25c. Cotton sacks 25c.

Z. Z. CARPENTER,
Shelbyville, Shelby Co., Ky.

n29-12t

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham st., N. Y.

u31-1y

THE ENQUIRER.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The Greatest Newspaper in the West.

The ENQUIRER is just closing one of the most prosperous and successful years of its existence. We wish to thank the people and our patrons for their support. Your encouragement has made the task of publishing the best newspaper in the West a possibility.

We ask your aid and support for the year to come, and for the future, and pledge you that we will spare no expense to make the ENQUIRER for the ensuing year not only the best *newspaper* in the West, but the rival of any in America.

The world's news, recorded by a corps of fifteen hundred correspondents in all sections of the globe, will be found in the ENQUIRER every day in the year.

The history of each day's events will be faithfully and fearlessly told, exposing fraud, rebuking corruption, and upholding the right. The facts of the world belong to the people, and will be presented to them by the ENQUIRER free of malice and undistorted for political or personal purposes.

In short, the ENQUIRER will continue to be a *newspaper*.

In the future, as in the past, the ENQUIRER will be found advocating the rights of the people, and against encroachment upon those rights from any source: the rights of the States: the rights of communities, and the fullest liberty to individuals compatible with the general order and welfare of society.

All questions and parties shall be treated with candor and fairness, but the the truth shall never be perverted.

The year of 1881 will be an eventful one in the history of the State and Republic. The inauguration of a new Administration, with new men and new purposes, are themes of the gravest interest to all citizens who love their country. Upon all these topics the ENQUIRER will contain the fullest and most reliable information from its corps of able and faithful correspondents.

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER

Will be a paper that ought to be in the hands of every farmer, every mechanic and every toiler in the land. As an agricultural paper, full of fresh, valuable and reliable information, it will be without a rival! A corps of contributors has been retained whose practical and theoretical knowledge in all branches of good farming is unsurpassed.

TERMS OF WEEKLY ENQUIRER.

For one year	$1 15
For six months	65

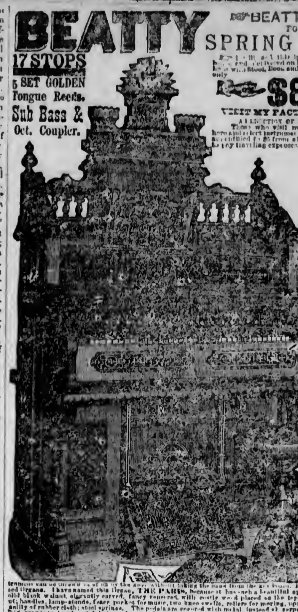
A free copy given to any one sending a club of seven names with $8.05.

TERMS OF DAILY ENQUIRER.

	Without Sunday Issue.	With Sunday Issue
One year	$12 00	$14 00
Six Months	6 00	7 00
Three Months	3 25	3 75
One Month	1 25	1 50
Sunday's Issue alone, per year		2 00
Any two day's issue	"	4 00
Any three day's issue	"	6 00

Send for sample copies.

FARAN & McLEAN, Publishers.
Cincinnati, Ohio, December 1, 1880. u21-tf



BEATTY'S OFFER FOR THE SPRING SEASON

$85.

VISIT MY FACTORY.

Address, or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

ASTOUNDING REVELATION!

A CLEAN SWEEP AND A BOOMING BUSINESS!

D'HUY'S JEWELRY STORES AT CLOVERPORT and HARDINSBURGH A COMPLETE

SUCCESS!

Old residents hardly know what to make of it, but nevertheless, notwithstanding all vain assertions to the contrary, we are still in the ring, solid and firm in the conviction that we can and will give good bargains in gold, reliable goods, as low as any house in the world. You have but to try us to be convinced.

Why Can We Do So?

BECAUSE
We buy our goods for cash.
Our expenses are light.
We understand our business.
We make a specialty of it.
We have an IMMENSE TRADE.
We are experienced workmen and last, but not least,
We will positively NOT BE UNDERSOLD, but guarantee to duplicate any one's prices.

We keep a full stock of the following goods always on hand: Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Solid Spoons, Plated Spoons, Knives and Forks. Fine and Cheap Jewelry of all kinds. Plain Gold Rings to order a Specialty. Hair Jewelry, of all kinds, made to Order. Also Agent for King's Combination Spectacles. Peddlers can not get these "Specs."

Proprietor of the F. N. D'Huy American Railroad Watch. The best watch for the money made. Call and examine.

A full stock of Violins, Accordeons, Guitars, Banjos, French Harps, Bows, and Strings of all kinds. Also, Sole Agent for the Genuine French Steel String, 25c per set for Violin, 50c per set for Guitar, and 40c per set for Banjo.

Our Repairing Department

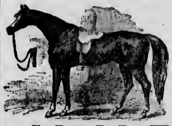
Is under our personal supervision, and all work entrusted to our care will have prompt and careful attention. Will be pleased to have you call, and we feel that it will be to your interest to call again. Respectfully,

F. N. D'HUY, JEWELER.
Established 1873. n35-1tm

Feed, Sale and Commission Stable.

W. ROACH,

No. 267 and 269 West Market Street, bet. 7th and 8th,
Louisville, Ky.



MULES AND HORSES OF ALL GRADES

Constantly on hand for sale. Special attention given to buying Mules and Horses on orders.

BUGGIES AND SPRING WAGONS

O. F. LaDUC.

Mr. M. R. TAYLOR,
OF BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY,

Will be found here, and give special attention to the sale of Stock from his and adjoining counties. n32-3m

CURE YOUR BACK ACHE

And all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs by wearing the

Improved Excelsior Kidney Pad.

It is a MARVEL of HEALING and RELIEF

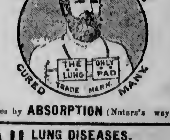
Simple, Sensible, Direct, Painless, Powerful.

It CURES where all else fails. A REVELATION and REVOLUTION in Medicine. Absorption or direct application, as opposed to unsatisfactory internal medicines. Send for our treatise on Kidney troubles, sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2.

ADDRESS

This is the Original and Genuine Kidney Pad. Ask for it and take no other.

"Only" Lung Pad Co., DETROIT, Mich.



Cures by ABSORPTION (Nature's way.)

All LUNG DISEASES, THROAT DISEASES, BREATHING TROUBLES.

It DRIVES FROM the system curative agents and healing medicines. It DRAWS FROM the diseased parts the poisons that cause death. Thousands Testify to its Virtues.

YOU CAN BE RELIEVED AND CURED.

Don't despair until you have tried this Sensible, Easily Applied and RADICALLY EFFECTUAL Remedy. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of Price, $2.00, by

Send for Testimonials and our book, "Three Millions a Year." Sent free.

"Only" Lung Pad Co., DETROIT, Mich.

Breckenridge News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1881.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce Mr. R. Y. Bush, of Hancock county, as a candidate at the ensuing August election, to represent the district composed of the counties of Hancock, Breckenridge, Grayson and Edmonson, in the State Senate. Subject to the action of a Democratic convention should one be called.
n28 te

We are authorized to announce Hon. R. R. Pierce, of Breckenridge, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LAFAYETTE GREEN, of Grayson county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. T. N. WARFIELD, of Breckenridge county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce Mr. GREEN W. BEARD, of Hardinsburg, as a candidate to represent Breckenridge county in the popular branch of the next General Assembly, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

OUR AGENTS.

V. G. BABBAGE, Hardinsburg, Ky.
J. P. HASWELL, " "
ED. S. FOOTE, Rewleyville, "
L. R. ADKISSON, Clifton Mills, "
W. R. HARDIN, Big Spring, "
E. H. MITCHAM, Rosetta, "
Dr. R. O. PULLIAM, West View, "
B. F. RICHARDSON, Garfield, "

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Vest has returned from Louisville.

Miss Bettie Raitt has returned from Rome, Indiana.

Mr. Ben H. Botes is on a business trip to Louisville.

Mrs. W. H. Bowmer is visiting relatives in Evansville this week.

Mrs. Dr. F. M. Smith spent last week very pleasantly visiting friends near Lewisport.

Mr. W. H. Dix, of Breckenridge county, was in the city last Sunday.—[Owensboro Messenger and Examiner.

Miss Jennie Keith has accepted a position as governess in the family of Esquire Cundiff, of Hayesville neighborhood.—[Meade Record.

Dr. L. N. Howard returned last Sunday to his home in Indianapolis, Ind. He will be absent about two weeks, when he will return and resume his practice here.

Rev. Foster Hayes, of Hardinsburg, filled the pulpit in the M.E.Church, South, last Sunday night, and presented some good thoughts on the "Mercies of God."

Mr. R. S. Skillman, circuit court clerk, of Hardinsburg, was in town during the week. He reports that the civil docket has fewer cases so far than has been known for the past twelve years, but the criminal docket has its full quota.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Quarterly court next Monday.

No preaching in town last Sunday.

R. L. Newsom is the coal king of this port.

Mahone is called the "Midget" of the U. S. senate.

Who said there was no gossip in the Sewing Society?

Mary Anderson will be at Louisville some time in April.

Our merchants were not rushed with business last week.

The Sewing Society meets with Mrs. A. R. Fisher this afternoon

Last Wednesday was the second anniversary of the Sewing Society.

The snow of yesterday morning made the forty-eighth for this winter.

There has not been an alarm of fire sounded in this city during the present winter.

The electric light tans the complexion, consequently it is not in favor with the ladies.

It is settled. "Uncle Barney" is a full-fledged "city dad," and "Cow Heel" is happy.

Mr. Richard W. Hayes, of Hardinsburg, has been appointed U. S. storekeeper and gauger.

Charlie Furrow has opened a barber's shop in the basement room of J. F. Sulzer & Bro's store room.

A barge of coal was a welcome visitor to this port last week. It went off like hot cakes at 12½ cents.

The Grey Eagle was ten hours behind time on her down trip Sunday, on account of the heavy winds.

Burrel Beard wants to wager from $100 to $500 on the "Hatchet" horse. Read what he says in another column.

Our Hardinsburg correspondent corrects the errors in the account of the Donohue-Beard row that appeared last week.

Prof. W. H. Houston opened his class in Book-keeping and Penmanship last Monday, in the south room of the Cloverport Hotel.

Dr. Hunt writes Mr. C. W. Moorman that Dr. Bishop will be here shortly to make arrangements to open out the Tar Springs this summer.

"Uncle Johnnie" will have to enlarge the waiting room in the post-office. It is not large enough to accommodate the waiting public, especially on Sunday.

L. B. Smith, of Faribault, Minn., says:—I am still wearing an Only Lung Pad, and it has helped me; I intend to have another of extra strength soon.—*See Ads.*

See F. N. D'Huy's big advertisement, call on him for any thing in watches, clocks, silverware, spectacles, musical instruments, strings, sewing machines, oil, and needles as low as the lowest.

Mr. J. W. McMillen, of Stephensport, has opened a boot and shoe shop next door to C. P. Babbage's, on the south side of Wall street. Mr. McMillen comes well recommended as a first-class workman.

Mr. E. A. Baldwin, agent of the Cincinnati Cooperage Co., bought last week about two thousand dollars worth of lumber from parties out in the Liberty Hall neighborhood, for which he paid the cash.

If more parents would visit the High School and take as much interest in their children's success as the teachers do, there would be less croaking and a much better school. The examination last Friday was very satisfactory to those who attended.

A U.S. deputy marshal was at Hardinsburg Monday, and sold the remainder of poor John Pool's property—an interest in 170 acres of land—which was bid in for the plaintiff, a colored woman. John A. Murrell was never guilty of a fouler robbery than this poor man has been subjected to under the form of law by the federal authorities.

A. R. Fisher is going to enclose the vacant lot between his drug store and the marble shop with a nice fence, with the view of sowing it in bluegrass, planting flowers, shrubs and evergreens for his children to play in. The doctor has a very large eye for the beautiful.

The dwelling and smoke-house of Mr. John Richardson, near Big Spring, were totally destroyed by fire Sunday of last week. The contents of both buildings were a total loss, the family saving only the clothing upon their persons. The fire resulted from accident. There was no insurance upon any of the property destroyed.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, the Washington chum and pitcher of friend McCarty, of the Elizabethtown News, is a native of this county. Her father was a once noted Baptist preacher named Clark. She married Mr. George Walker, but the union proved unhappy, and they separated. Mr. W. has been dead for some years. Mrs. Dr. Mary was born within a mile and a half of Hardinsburg, on the old Garnettsville road.

The United States contain a population of fifty million souls. Perhaps two thirds of that number have used one or more bottles of Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup, where they have had a bad Cold, or Chronic or hacking Cough or any of the numerous Lung Complaints to which the human family is heir to. Out of this vast number of bottles sold there has been, we must own, two bottles returned. Please take notice, reader, two bottles that have not given satisfaction but millions that have used it with good results. When buying medicines for the family always ask for Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1. Sold by A. R. Fisher.

Meade Circuit Court.

Court began Monday of last week, the 14th inst. Nothing was done the first day, farther than to organize the grand and petit juries. Commonwealth's Attorney Haynes delivered the charge to the grand jury.

The afternoon was occupied by candidates for the state senate and house of representatives, who presented their especial respective fitness to serve the people. Judge W. Carpenter, of Bullitt, led off, wanting a seat in the senate. It is suspected that the judge will not submit his claims to a democratic convention, but will go it alone before the people. Hon. S. M. Wrather and Dr. U. C. Sherrill, both of Meade, are contesting which of the two Meade will choose as her candidate in the race. They claim that Hardin will hands off and concede the senator to Meade this time. Judge Carpenter don't see it in that way.

A. W. Moromen and Richard Dowell also spoke, wanting to represent Meade in the house. Other candidates are lying around in "Barkis is willin'" style, fondly waiting to be pressed for both positions. By the time the leaves are out, they will turn out full-fledged.

The court moved along trying sundry misdemeanors, none of much importance, till the case of Henry Woods, charged with assault with intent to rape was reached. The jury found him guilty, and declared his punishment to be six months in the county jail and a fine of $200, with labor if not paid. He was then put on trial on another charge, that of burglary of the dwelling of Miss Harriet Edmonds. Colored men, for the first time in the history of Meade county, were summoned as jurors. The attorney for the commonwealth accepted all presented, but the defense rejected all but one, who was sworn to try the case with his eleven white brethren. We expected to get a letter yesterday morning informing us of the result, but were disappointed.

The celebrated Elder case for child murder came next. Our readers will remember the particulars, as we published an account of the affair at the time of its occurrence. The defendants, Mrs. Susan Elder, Mrs. Florence Tuomey, Sidney Elder and his wife, all appeared to answer to the charge. A special venire of one hundred men was summoned, and from the number a jury was chosen. This brought the court up to Friday evening. Just before adjournment, Mr. Haynes, the commonwealth's attorney, stating that sufficient evidence could not be adduced to sustain a charge of complicity in the killing of the child against Kate Funk, formerly Burch, its mother, who was also under indictment, moved to dismiss the indictment, which was done, and she was set at liberty. She is the most important witness for the prosecution. It was supposed that the trial would be closed and a verdict reached by last evening. The Mrs. Tuomey under indictment, is the wife of a prominent Louisville grocer, who does business at the corner of Eleventh or Twelfth and Market streets in that city.

Deplorable and Fatal Accident to a Child.

About 9 o'clock Friday morning, while Mr. Martin Cockerell, who resides near the village of Tobinsport, Ind., immediately opposite this city, was out in one of his fields piling and burning weeds and brush, preparatory to breaking up his grounds, his little 3-year old boy, Eldred, who had followed him to his work, accompanied by a 7-year old son of Mr. John Polk, was burned to death under the following circumstances:

Mr. Cockerell has fired a pile of rubbish, and had left it to attend to something else, leaving the two children by the burning pile. The supposition is that they got to playing with the fire, during which the dress worn by the youngest became ignited. He instantly started at the top of his speed for the house, and was not discovered until he was entering the garden gate, at which time his clothes were in a light blaze. Mr. Stewart Finch was the first to reach him, and began tearing the blazing raiment from him, but the flames had already accomplished their work of death. His hands, breast and face were burnt to crisp, and death came to his relief about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A Mexican Veteran.

Mr. Uriah Stewart, residing in the Cut Off neighborhood, this county, was one of the veterans of the Mexican war who attended the recent reunion at Louisville. He was a member of Captain Gibson's company, Third Indiana Infantry, commanded by the late Col. James Lane, and was a participant in the battle of Buena Vista. Speaking of that historic engagement, a few days ago, he said that as he stood on the side of the mountain he saw the army of Santa Anna advancing, their burnished arms glancing in the sun, a sight he will never forget. He also spoke of the destruction done by the Washington Battery at Dead Man's Pass, as he terms the pass of Angostura. Mr. Stewart is a Kentuckian, a native of Spencer county, where he was born February 17, 1823, and was only on a visit to relatives in Indiana when he enlisted.

An Apology.

Owing to a rush of business on last Monday which precluded my attendance at Hardinsburg, as advertised, I will just say I will be there *without fail* on next Monday, the 28th inst., with a full line of plows, etc., and farmers will do well to consult their best interest. Respectfully, J. L. Miller.

Housekeeping in the Blue Grass.

A New and Practical Cook Book—containing nearly a thousand receipts, many of them new and all of them tried and known to be valuable, such as have been used by the best housekeepers of Kentucky and other states. Price $1.50. For sale by J. D. Babbage.

The School Money.

Commissioner N. Mc. Mercer requests us to notify the teachers of the county that he has received and is prepared to disburse, at his office in Hardinsburg, the 60 per cent. installment of public school money.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Martha J. Askin.

Mrs. Askin was born near Rockvale post-office, Breckenridge county, Kentucky, October 25, 1849, and was a daughter of Edward and Margaret Hurl, old citizens of Breckenridge county now deceased. On the 21st of October, 1875, she was married to Charles A. Askin. She died of consumption at her home two miles south of Rockvale post-office, March 9, 1881, aged 31 years, 4 months and 15 days. Jinn, as she was called, was a kind and generous woman, and we have no instance where she ever spoke a word disrespectful of any one. She died in full hope of a blessed immortality, and leaves a husband and three little children, the youngest an infant six months old, besides a large train of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. On the morning of the 11th inst. her remains were interred with other members of the family in the Matthews graveyard, Breckenridge county. The funeral sermon will be preached at the graveyard the second Sunday in May by Rev. Calvin Voyles. Fianses

Godey's Lady's Book for April

Is on our table. The steel plate is a beautiful picture from Scott's "Monastery," and one of the very best of the popular series which have enriched this magazine for several years. In the literary department are given a complete novel, of intense interest, entitled "Sacrifice," and a number of short stories, poems, and sketches. In the fashion department are elegantly colored full length figures, numerous illustrations of dress for women and children, and the work department is replete with useful instructions, supplemented with engravings, upon various matters of interest to housekeepers. The array of recipes and the fun for children are still kept up with old-time care. It seems to us that the money spent for a year's subscription to the Lady's Book is one of those safe investments that can never bring regrets. Any of our readers who do not take the Lady's Book can be supplied, promptly, by leaving their orders at this office. We will furnish our own paper and the Lady's Book for the low price of $3 per annum. The publishers agree to start a subscription with any month you may select.

Beatty's Parlor Organs.

In to-day's issue we publish a large Organ Advertisement from Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the well-known organ maker of Washington, N. J. He now offers during the Spring season a Beautiful 17 Stop, 5 Set Golden-tongue Reed Parlor Organ for $85. Those who visit his factory at Washington, N. J., and select instrument in person, he offers to deduct $5 to pay the traveling expenses. Read the Advertisement.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthing to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

Notice.

All my accounts will be found in the hands of J. F. Brown, Hardinsburg, for collection. Those indebted to me will please call on him and settle. T. N. Vessels.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us, will please come forward and settle, and thus save costs. C. Sippel & Co.
n33-1t

HARDINSBURG.

Go to Frank's for bargains.

The latest styles of hats at Frank's.

Dr. Taylor takes his new departure this week.

Mr. W. K. Withers is done breaking corn ground.

Dry goods and groceries cheap for cash at Frank's.

Jesse Reister is visiting his relatives in Verny, Indiana.

Thos. A. Miller is confined to his home with pneumonia.

John Haynes is the popular salesman at Frank & Son's new store.

5½ pounds No. 1 coffee for $1, and 14 pounds New Orleans sugar for $1 at Frank's.

You would be surprised to price goods at Frank's new store. They sell at bottom prices.

Geo. Frank & Son have the best stock of clothing ever brought to this market, fine suits, cheap.

Frank & Son are selling the cheapest goods that were ever sold in Hardinsburg, and they sell, too.

Every body goes to Frank & Son for cheap goods, because they advertise their business and every body reads the paper and sees what they are doing.

Mike Donohue is not dead. We saw him in town a few days ago looking very well. The difficulty between him and Mr. Beard occurred here in town. It not being a very serious affair, and no one apprehending that any thing serious would result from it, we thought a bare mention of it was sufficient. We think both parties got mad on the spur of the moment, and about nothing, and being a little so-so were ready to fight at the drop of the hat. Such things are unavoidable sometimes, especially between men who get in their condition. We hope the matter will be settled without much further trouble. Mr. Donohue is an Irishman, it is true, but he is not one of the bad men of that class, and is rather clever. He has been a prosperous farmer and a man we think well thought of by his neighbors.

The great land trade between Dr. J. M. Taylor and N. L. Hensley has been settled after considerable wrangling. Taylor takes possession of the farm this week, and Hensley pays $59 damages for his delay in consummating the trade. The amount of damages was fixed by arbitrators, which was the quickest way out of the difficulty probably. Both men, we hope, are now easy, and will abide by the issue. The matter is settled and settled finally. The Doctor takes his "new departure," in fact, a thing we regret and which the community regrets, but it is as he wills. He pines for the country and its beauties. He fain would ramble over the sprouting grain which is about reminding us of the approach of spring. He longs to hear the voice of the birds filling the woodland with their music; he wants, too, the company of the flowers that ere long will bloom in abundance. Doctor, it is nice, we assure you, for we've been about there and around. Mr Hensley comes a citizen, as he was reared among us and now may die among us. His old home is here and he delights to be its guest, though things are not what they have been, still he loves his friends, those that grew as he grew. He loves prosperity, he loves company, and that around here pleases him exceedingly. Now as it is let it be, and better that it's no worse. Mr. Hensley, come down and be seated. During the moving and brushing around us let the community be hushed at least till all things are quiet and settled.

Wanted.

A few boarders during court week. Good rooms and first-class fare at reasonable rates. Mrs. A. J. Lennin.

Maj. A. Keene Richards, the famous Kentucky turfman, died at his home in Scott county, Friday morning, of pneumonia. He was the first Kentucky importer of Arabian horses.

LEITCHFIELD.

Court last Monday.

Time is March-ing on.

Leitchfield is still improving.

F. T. Heyser speaks of building a business house soon.

Miss Hattie Moorman expects to return home in a few weeks, much improved, if not altogether restored.

Judge Jas. McClure is down with the rheumatism. We hope to see him up soon.

W. C. Evans thinks that his new home will be completed by the first of June.

Mrs. Hettie Thomas, of Larue county, is now keeping house for her father, Mr. J. H. Gosnell.

Mr. Sam Duncan quite a dashing young lawyer of our town, seems to be very much beliked.

Hurrah for "Gay," "Katydid," Dinah and Sam.

"Cornie" is like an inexperienced shooter. Why? Because she hit the wrong mark.

Miss Ella Pasey will leave our town soon. There will certainly be two sad hearts.

Quite a large crowd left on the Tuesday evening train for Louisville. Among the number were Messrs. Lem Moorman, Henry Willis and Jimmy Bishop.

Mrs. W. Walker, who has a large music class of handsome boys and pretty girls, will give a concert in three or four weeks, which will be appreciated by all.

Prof. J.T. Gosnell and Miss K.M—— are said to be quite a handsome couple when together.

Why is "Cornie" like a saloon-keeper? Because she invites drinkers.

Mr. Johnnie C. Brown, of New Albany, Ind., and of Elizabethtown, paid Leitchfield a flying visit on Friday last. Well, for the girls that he makes his visits "few and far between," as he is handsome, talented, and they say a heart-masher.

Success to our handsome little Dr. Strickler, who is building up a good practice here.

Judge Jas. Montgomery, of Elizabethtown, was here again last week. His sister, Miss Kate, expected to return home with him, but Mrs. Yates put an emphatic veto on her going. Hurrah! for Mrs. Yates.

W. V. Wortham has bought A. R. Higdon's interest in the drug store, and will, no doubt, do well alone. Barton & Conklin are also very successful druggists, but they seem to think that a third partner, and perhaps a fourth, would do better.

"Cornie" unjustly accuses our "gallant and truly elegant" young men of drinking. We never knew gentlemen before to be "gallant and truly elegant" when they drank.

Mr. Jimmie Conklin never forgets the sick when he brings in his game from his big hunts.

The Breckenridge News is in demand since the sensation created by "*Oats*" and "*Corn.*" Tempest.

STEPHENSPORT.

A new clothing store has been opened here by a German from Tell City, Ind.

A gentleman from South Carrollton will shortly open a first-class dry goods store in the corner room of Seaton's Hotel.

Frank Ragsdale is much pleased with the prize he drew in your city, a few weeks ago, in the matrimonial lottery.

Every body is preparing to plant White Burley tobacco.

Rev. Dr. Helm has received a handsome present from Hon. George S. Shanklin, of Jessamine county, in the shape of a fine blooded 2½-year old heifer, with calf by one of the best Shorthorn bulls in Bluegrassdom. She is a beauty, and weighs 1,260 pounds. She could now be sold to the butchers for $70.

Our enterprising young druggists, Brashear & Ragsdale, are increasing their business and growing in favor every day.

Henry C. Damm is building up a fine furniture trade here.

The Baptist and Methodist churches are soon to be enclosed by handsome fences. Anon.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.
n17-ly

$2 Watches. Stem winders $3.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 138 Nassau St. New York.
n31-ly

NO AMETEUR AFFAIR.

TELEPHONES. A Telephone that is guaranteed to work

3 Miles FOR $5.

A written guarantee sent with each pair of instruments. The only perfect working acoustic Telephone now before the public. Recommended by men of science to be the only Acoustic Telephone that will transmit sound perfectly. The Phones are made of highly polished black walnut and cherry, and if they do not give entire satisfaction, your money will be refunded. Instructions for putting up sent with each pair. Large inducements to agents both County and State, on commission or salary. Exclusive territory given. Address

UNION TELEPHONE CO., WOLCOTT, WAYNE CO., N. Y. TELEPHONES.
n28-12t

Peter Henderson's COMBINED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND PLANTS

Will be Mailed Free to all who apply by Letter.

Our Experimental Grounds in which we test our Vegetable and Flower Seeds are most complete; and our Greenhouses for Plants (covering 3 acres in glass), are the largest in America.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price $1.50. Terms surprise Agents. Domestic Scale Co., Cincinnati, O.
n31-1f

New Advertisements

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.
n35-ly

FOR SALE---MULEY SAW-MILL.

This property is located three miles southeast of Stephensport, Ky., all in good repair. It will be disposed of at any time between this and the first day of May, 1881. For any further information address or call on the undersigned at Stephensport, Ky. W. STOUT.
February 26, 1881. n33-1f

For Sale.

A good Saddle and Buggy Mare. Price, $60. Call on S. C. ALLEN, Cloverport, Ky.
n33-3t

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.,
Discoverer of DR. MARCHISI'S
UTERINE CATHOLICON
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
This Remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.
Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price $1.50 per bottle. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
n8-ly

$2.50
—WILL BUY THE—
"NEWS"
—AND—
Weekly Courier-Journal

For one year, postage paid. No family in Breckenridge county can be supremely happy without them.
Address, J. D. BABBAGE, 33 Wall St., Cloverport, Ky.

BRECKENRIDGE CIRCUIT COURT

Nancy Hawkins and Gardner Hawkins } On Petition.

Notice is hereby given that Nancy Hawkins and Gardner Hawkins, her husband, have this day filed in my office their joint petition in Equity, praying that the said Breckenridge Circuit Court do empower the said Nancy Hawkins to use, enjoy, sell and convey for her own benefit any property she may own or acquire free from the debts or claims of her said husband, Gardner Hawkins; and to make contracts, sue and be sued as a single woman, and to trade in her own name, and to dispose of her property by deed or will, and to act in all respects as a *femme sole*. Notice thereof is hereby ordered for publication in The Breckenridge News.

Given under my hand as clerk of the said Court this 14th day of March, 1881.
Attest: R. S. SKILLMAN, C.B.C.C.
W. K. Barnes, Counsel for petitioners.
n34-2t

THE NEWSPAPER!
ABLE, NEWSY, GOOD AND CHEAP.

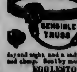
Weekly Courier-Journal

The Courier-Journal, (Henry Watterson, Editor), is by circulation and reputation the acknowledged *Representative Newspaper* of the South. As a reliable and valuable newspaper, it has no superior in this country or in the world. It makes earnest, vigorous war on Protective Tariff Robbery and Mormon Polygamy, two evils that blight the prosperity and morality of the United States. It is able, bright and newsy, contains the strongest editorials, the most complete summary of the news of the world, the best telegraphic and general correspondence, full turf and stock reports, market reports, fashion reports, Talmage's sermons, splendid original serial stories and novelettes, poetry, department for children, answers to correspondents, etc., etc. In a word, every thing to make it a delight to the family circle, and invaluable to the man of business, the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer.

Specimen copies and full descriptive premium circulars will be sent free of charge to any one on application. Subscription terms, postage free, are—for Daily, $12; Sunday, $2; Weekly, with premium, $2; without premium, $1.50.

Any one sending four yearly subscribers and six dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy of the Weekly Courier-Journal one year, free to any address. Address,
W. N. HALDEMAN,
President Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.
n33-tf

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS ARE THE BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.
n0-ly17



ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person would with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.
18-4m

New Advertisements

T. C. LEWIS,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Rings, Chains and Gold Pens,
Hardinsburg - - - Ky.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully and accurately repaired, and warranted. When in town look for my Sign, near the Livery Stable Corner. n41-1f

TOBACCO.

We will make fair advances on consignments of Tobacco to Messrs. Sawyer, Wallace & Co., New York. P. V. DUNCAN & SONS.
n33-6m

This Wonderful Improved Saw Machine is warranted to saw a two-foot log in three minutes, and more cord wood or logs of any size in a day than two men can chop or saw the old way. Every Farmer and Lumberman needs one. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated circular and terms Free. Address FARMERS' MANUFACTURING CO., 178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.
n17-6m

WHITE BURLEY TOBACCO SEED FOR SALE!

Where to get the BEST TOBACCO SEED, that the best crop may be produced, is a question now being agitated throughout the land. The only place where the WHITE BURLEY SEED can be had in its purity is direct from that part of the Ohio Valley known as the Brown County District, where it originated in the year 1864. This Tobacco has in many instances sold for $50 per 100 pounds, several times as high as $58.

As we couldn't get "a change" last fall, let us have it now by throwing all other types aside and growing the kind that is in demand and meets with ready sale the year round, at PRICES MORE THAN DOUBLE those of other varieties. Grow the White Burley Tobacco and you will soon be numbered with the Bondholders of the Nation.

You can procure this Seed direct of me, all grown the past season and Guaranteed Pure, as it was all raised by me and selected with the greatest care expressly for my trade. I make the Seed Business a specialty, and have done so for over ten years. I grow no other Tobacco, hence you will not get mixed seed as is often the case.

PRICES.—Per Ounce, 75 cents; Per Pound, $5. J. T. COGGESS,
n31-6t Felicity, Clermont Co., Ohio.

Subscribe-It Will Pay!

Every Farmer, Planter, Merchant and Mechanic in this community should subscribe for his County Paper, and one or two more good Publications. They will find that it is a paying investment. The better the publication the better it will pay. For the purpose of promoting this idea, we have arranged to Club this Paper with the Southern Farmer's Monthly, a handsome Farm and Family Journal, and the Savannah Weekly News, "the biggest and the best" Weekly Newspaper in the South, both of them well known and reliable publications, worth ten times what you pay for them.

CLUB RATES.—*Payable in Advance.*—We will send, postage paid, the News and Southern Farmer's Monthly, one year, $3.

The News and Savannah Weekly News, one year, $3.

The News, the Southern Farmer's Monthly, and Savannah Weekly News, one year, $1.50.
n31 tf

WINTERSMITH'S
Tonic Sirup
Or, IMPROVED CHILL CURE.
A Certain Cure for every form of Fever and Ague. The Cure is Permanent. The chill once broken will not return.

This preparation has all the virtues of quinine, without any of its disagreeable effects. All who have had Chills and Fever and have taken quinine, calomel or arsenic, which are the principal ingredients of most of the medicines now in use, are aware that the medicines often leave the system in an unhealthy condition, making it more difficult to relieve it of their effects than of the original disease. Wintersmith's Improved Chill Cure leaves the system in a perfectly healthy condition, with no ill effects in any way to be worn off. Unlike chill remedies generally, it requires no purgative to be taken with it, the medicine itself acting gently and agreeably upon the liver and bowels, effectually removing the cause of the disease, not merely temporarily checking it.

WINTERSMITH'S
Ext. Buchu
And PAREIRA BRAVA.
The Great Diuretic. Superior to any Preparation of Buchu in the Market.

It is a certain remedy for all diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsical Swellings, &c., &c. It has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. It is a specific remedy for Stone in the Bladder, diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Retention of the Urine, Mucous Discharges, Gleet, Irritation of the Bladder; in short, for all diseases of the Urinary organs, whether existing in male or female. For many diseases peculiar to females it is of great service, and especially so is it at that period termed CHANGE IN LIFE. For Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suspension of Usual Periods, Ulcerated State of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa or Whites, it is a specific remedy. It is a certain cure for Bed-wetting in children. For weakness arising from early indiscretion, excesses in youth, and dissipation, it will be found a specific.

It is not a secret nostrum, but is recommended and prescribed by our leading physicians.

WINTERSMITH'S
Worm Candy or Santonin Lozenges
The most reliable vermifuge ever offered to the public. Entirely harmless. Safe for children of any age.
Thousands of children die annually for want of a reliable worm destroyer. This can be depended upon as a certain remedy.

WINTERSMITH'S
Iodized Sarsaparilla & Stillingia
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Contains three grains Iodide Potash to the dose. A certain cure for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Pimples on the face, Cutaneous Diseases, Boils, Rheumatic Diseases, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Scald Head, Dyspepsia, Tetter Affections, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Low Spirits, Liver Complaint, General Debility.
Bottle Medicines $1 each; six for $5.
Sold by all Druggists.
Manuf'd by C. H. WINTERSMITH.
ARTHUR PETER & CO., Gen'l Agents, Louisville, Ky.
n2-ly

SUITS MADE TO ORDER!

During the past week a great many ladies have called and examined our samples as well as gentlemen, and all pronounce them the handsomest ever displayed in this city.

The fact is that we are practically placing before the buyers of clothing, and especially those who are in the habit of having their suits made to order, the choicest, newest and most desirable goods of the season, from one of the largest clothing houses in the city of Philadelphia.

If you are in need of a suit for spring and summer wear we invite you to call and look over our samples and prices, and should you find any thing that pleases you we take your measure and forward your order to the house in Philadelphia, where the suit is made according to your order. When finished it is returned to you by express, with the privilege of examining, and if it fits you pay for it, if not, you need not take it.

J. D. BABBAGE,
Agent for
JACOB REED'S SONS,
PHILADELPHIA.

WANTED---A GOOD WORK MARE.

I want to buy a good work mare, not over 7 years old. She must be a good, large mare, gentle, and a good worker any where you put her. For such an animal I will pay a good price in cash. Bring her to me 2½ miles south of Cloverport, on Lott Creek. ALBERT BRONAU.
n34-2t

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.
Most Complete Thresher Factory in the World. Established 1848
32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to back up the broad warranty given on all our goods.

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Finest Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers. Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power. Two styles of "Mounted" Horse Powers.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber (from three to six years air-dried) constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 12 Horse Power.

Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.
n31

Breckenridge News.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Practical Hints and Helps, With Valuable Instructions About the Growing of Vegetables.

Written for The Breckenridge News.
BY A MARKET GARDENER.

Cauliflower.

Of all garden vegetables but few surpass this delicious member of the cabbage family. For early use I would recommend the Extra Early Dwarf Erfurt the Early London, and the Early Erfurt, and for pickling purposes, Veitch's Autumn Giant, a late variety. The first named, when planted in March, will produce heads in June varying from nine inches to one foot in diameter. It is of dwarf habit, compact growth, with short outside leaves, and should be planted twenty inches apart each way. The second named bears early, and its heads are compact, solid, and of delicious flavor. The last named is probably the best for general cultivation.

Cultivation.—For spring and summer use the early varieties should be sowed about the last of winter in hot-beds, and transplanted to the open air as soon as the ground can be worked in the spring. For autumn use, sow the late varieties about the middle of spring, and transplant the same as winter cabbages. Water freely in dry weather, and as they advance in growth hoe deep and draw the earth to the stems. After they begin to head they should be watered every other day. They should be cut for use while the head is close and compact. Prepare for the table the same as cabbage.

Celery.

This is the king of salad vegetables. The stalks, when properly cultivated and blanched, are sweet, mild, and crispy, being very palatable either in a raw or cooked state. Crawford's Half-Dwarf, Dwarf White Solie, and the Boston Market, are the varieties I would recommend, the first being my preference.

Cultivation.—Sow in a hot-bed quite early in the spring, and when three inches high, transplant to a well prepared bed, which must be covered in frosty weather. For the principal crop sow early in spring in seed-beds, and when six inches high transplant them into trenches, six inches between plants, for blanching. The trenches should be four feet apart, a foot wide, and not less than ten inches deep. Fill in five or six inches with well-rotted manure, and mix it thoroughly, to the depth of half a spade-blade, with the earth at the bottom. The top and roots of the plants should be shortened, and the suckers pinched off before they are set. Earth up to blanch three or four times during their growth, taking care that no earth falls in the centre of the plants. A slight sprinkling of salt applied to the surface of the soil just before the earthing up is decidedly beneficial to this crop. The seed is slow to come up, and the plant is greatly improved by constant cultivation.

Collards.

This plant is used exclusively for greens, and is also known by the names of "Cole" and "Colewort." It will grow all winter. The seeds should be sown in autumn, but sowed in the early spring will afford greens for summer and autumn.

Roasting Ears.

The Early Six Weeks is the best. It originated in Montana, and produces corn for the table in six weeks after planting. The ears are small, handsome, and well filled out with eight rows of white and brittle kernels. It is not sweet like the sugar corn, but is tender and toothsome. I would advise this, the Early Minnesota Sweet, and the Excelsior Sweet. These three varieties will give you roasting ears continuously, and the best grown.

Cress.

This fine and pungent salad is also known as "Peppergrass." Sow rather thick in shallow drills, and at short intervals during the season.

Cucumber.

The earliest variety is the Early Russian. The fruit is three or four inches long, an inch and a half thick, and grows in pairs. The flesh is tender, crisp, and well flavored. It comes fully ten days earlier than any variety within my knowledge, and makes a nice small pickle. I would grow it and the Early White Spine for pickles, and the Early Short Green, Bismark and London Long Green for table use.

Cultivation.—Dig a hole about a foot wide and six inches deep, fill with rich sandy loam, and raise (or hill) it above the surface about six inches. Let the hills be about six feet apart each way. Sow in May. If the bug attacks them, sprinkle ashes and soot on the leaves when wet with dew. When the vines have put out three leaves, nip the points off to make them branch out, which will also cause them to fruit sooner.

Egg Plant.

The Early Long Purple and Black Pekin are the best varieties. Cut into thin slices and fried, this plant has a taste very similar to oysters. It gains its name from the shape of the fruit. The first named comes earliest, and is very hardy and productive. Its fruit is long and of superior quality. The Black Pekin is but a few days behind the Early Purple, and is exceedingly productive. The fruit is nearly round, black, glossy and smooth, and frequently attains eight to ten pounds in weight. The flesh is fine grained, white, and delicate.

Cultivation.—Sow in hot-beds early in the spring, and transplant to two and a half feet each way in very rich, warm ground. Do not transplant till the weather becomes settled and warm. If the weather is hot when set out, keep the plants well watered for a few days. Cultivate the same as cabbages.

Endive.

This is another favorite salad plant. The Green Curled is the best variety for this climate. Its leaves blanch white, and are very crisp and tender.

Cultivation.—Sow late in the spring to the middle of summer in shallow drills fourteen inches apart. Thin the plants to one foot in the drills, and when fully grown tie over the outer leaves of a few plants every week or fortnight, in dry weather, to blanch —which takes ten days in hot and twenty days in cool weather—and draw a little earth up to the base of the plants. Rich, mellow soil in an open situation is best for this plant.

Chou-Rave.

This is a French vegetable combining the best points of the cabbage and turnip. The flesh is tender and delicate, when young, and contains the flavor of both the vegetables just named. The edible portion is the turnip-like bulb formed by the swelling of the stem. It grows well in this latitude.

Cultivation.—The same as the cabbage, except that, in earthing up the plant, be particular not to cover the globular part of the stem. They should not be used before they have attained their full growth. The seeds are sold in our seed stores under their German name of Kohl-Rabi.

[Continued next week.]

BEWLEYVILLE.

"To-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day."

Misses B. Ada Drury and Fanale Cain are teaching school—the former at "Buck Grove" and the latter near Haysville. We heartily congratulate the citizens of those districts on securing the services of these most estimable young ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pennington left for Louisville last week. They will make their home there in the future. The community will miss them greatly.

It is customary when the water is passed round at school, for the teacher to have some last—if there is any left. That's the kind of manners some of us have been taught.

Messrs. David C. Herndon and Henry Washington were the guests of Mr. Chas. Drury last Sunday. Miss Lucy Frank made the latter a present of a very handsome neck-scarf—new style—*so cute.* But he "rid" on the banisters, "he did," and that cooked our goose. The "*ideur*" of a young gent twenty-four year old! What is your opinion, Mr. Editor? [He should be hung, drawn and quartered.—Ed. News.]

Our school closed last Friday. There was a large audience. Dr. J. M. Walker was the crowd. That speaks well for Dock, as he is chief trustee. But allow us to remark that it was the first and only time he has been in the schoolhouse since this term begun. And more than that, who, in your opinion, Mr. Editor, should buy brooms when a free school is being taught? [The trustees. That is their only duty.—Ed. News.]

Why don't somebody say they are going to Texas, just to create a sensation?

Mr. Editor, we quite understand your little "would-be" joke 'bout the poetry; but be assured that is not the way *we* came by it.

We would think seriously of visiting Illinois, if we thought the fact would be likely to be mentioned by the Charleston Plaindealer and then copied into The Breckenridge News.

Mr. John Dean, of "Pinchecoe," was up last week buying cattle, we heard, but he didn't make any business known up near Meadeville and around; though we heard he did make one offer of a thousand dollars. What *for* we don't know.

Just as good as any body,
"Somebody's Darling."

FALLS OF ROUGH.

Old Uncle Billy Patton died last Friday. He was aged 81 years and 2 months. He left many friends to mourn his loss.

Another wedding for Grayson county. Mr. Willie Sarver to Miss Lou Helm.

I wonder if there won't be another wedding soon—Mr. W. S—— and Miss F. W——?

I wonder if Mr. W. Short has received any more flowers from Rockvale?

I wonder if Miss L. R—— wants any more of ma's cake?

I guess Mr. Billy F—— is getting tired waiting to hear whether it is agreeable for him to call or not. I guess, from what I can find out, it is disagreeable.

Another death at the Falls—Mr. Scott Quick. He left a wife and two children.

I wonder if Mr. Willie H—— ever goes down to see Miss A. L. C——? You had better "kit dat."

Mr. Sam Davison has run three hundred sawlogs to Evansville this spring, and has three hundred more to run on the first water.

Mr. L. Green leaves for Louisville to-day to lay in his supply of spring goods.

Mr. L. Green and Mr. J. D. Brashear have bought sixty thousand pounds of tobacco.

Oh, what has become of Mr. J. Jones? I guess he will come to life this summer, when he goes to Spring Fork.

I heard a young lady say, the other day, she would like to know what has become of Messrs. J. C——, L. B—— and C. J——. Oh, I guess they died with measles.

I think it is time Mr. R. C—— and Miss Amanda C—— were fixing for that wedding.

Oh, I wonder what has become of Miss Jennie L. Davison? I have not seen her since last September. I guess she has gone to Spring Lick.
Belle of Grayson.

MASON SCHOOLHOUSE.

The health of this community is very good, with the exception of some few cases of measles and scarlet fever.

Burning plant-beds and sowing oats are all the go now-a-days.

Weddings are very frequent now—there are two or three every week.

Married.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr Jack Bruner, March 8, Mr. Joseph Nicholas to Miss Cornelia E. Bruner, all of this (Hancock) county. The ceremony was performed by Elder W. Bruner. The bride and groom were preceded by Mr. Willie Weil and Miss Anne M. Robbins. A considerable number of relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony, and after partaking of a good supper spent the remainder of the evening quite socially. The happy pair, with relatives and friends, were honored with a reception dinner at the house of the groom's uncle, Mr. Edward Nicholas, where the guests again spent a pleasant evening. May the future of this loving pair be fraught with pure and bountiful blessing, is the sincere wish of a friend.

There is talk of six weddings to come off in a short time. "Daisy," we can mate down here without marrying our cousins. We had rather scatter our property than keep it all together. But perhaps the boys may be scarce with you, or maybe your girls are near-sighted.

We all regretted the absence—on account of sore-throat—of our friend, Miss Laura R——. But it will be well by the next wedding. Miss Laura, *he* was not there.

Mr. J. R——, Miss Anna looked for you at the infair, and she looked in vain. But Mr. L. B—— was there, you bet your boots.

"Daisy," write often, for I love to hear from up there. I used to live up in the Short Bend.
Slim Chin.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

MEETS FIRST MONDAYS IN APRIL AND OCTOBER.

Hon. T. R. McBeath, Judge; Hon. W. R. Haynes, Commonwealth's Attorney; R. S. Skillman, Clerk; V. G. Babbage, Master Commissioner; C. W. Moorman, Sheriff.

COUNTY COURT.

MEETS THIRD MONDAY IN EACH MONTH.

Milton Board, Judge; G. P. Jolly, Clerk; W. K. Barnes, Attorney.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Meets Fourth Mondays in March, June, September and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Meets Third Mondays in January and November.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Lon Cashman, Assessor; J. B. Board, Surveyor; Harvey Brumfield, Coroner; N. Mc. Mercer, School Commissioner.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Circuit Judge, Leitchfield; Circuit Clerk and Master Commissioner, Hardinsburg; Sheriff, Cloverport.

Commonwealth's Attorney, Leitchfield; Jailer, Hardinsburg.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CLOVERPORT.

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